

To the Honoured
Cavendish Weedon, Esq;

Upon his Excellent and Pious Entertainment of Divine Musick, perform'd at Stationers-Hall.

16 Febr. 1702



OUR Sacred Anthems, Pious Hymns, and Psalms,
Stir up to Spiritual Zeal, not Carnal Flames;
Like the Lascivious Airs of these loose Times,
Set to the Words of more Lascivious Rhimes:

To those Vain places of the Box and Pitt,
Where *Phillis* is Addrest with Song and Wit,
Let's bid adieu, and at your Confort sit. }
With Beauty, Love and Wit, be Charm'd no more;
But the Creatour of those Gifts Adore:
Diversiſion here, is to Devotion join'd,
In one ſweet Exerciſe, they're both Combin'd.
Muſick Divine, that with its Harmony,
Provokes to Heavenly Love and Charity;
'Tis Muſick ſet to the Almighty's Ears,
That charms the Pious, ſtops the poor Man's Fears:
His Wants reliev'd, and generouſly ſupply'd,
With Money, thus Religiously Imploy'd.
Go on Great *Weedon*, with your bleſt Device,
Weed-on, and pull up every Root of Vice:
For which Deſign, when you ſhall hence retire,
You'll bear a Part in the Cœleſtial Chaire,
Arriv'd to Blisſ, in that Harmonious Heaven,
Where Tickets are not took, but Crowns are given.